

the greedy heart



cassandra tribe

Olive
thank you,
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the greedy heart

CastleDeepBooks

Albuquerque

Also by Cassandra Tribe:

Angel

The House of Weddings

The Garden of Lost Things

all titles are available on iTunes, IndieRhythm.com and loveandwords.com

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comes the wide sea

from the cd, "Angel"



and how am I to chart a course
to a place I do not know?
When these waters
beneath my hull
are full of rocks
and things unknown.
My eyes strain to see
the currents and whorls
of danger.
My ears are tuned
to the complaints of the wind

How am I to chart a course
when it is all I can do
to see the dangers before me,
and my hours are spent
making sure I do not drown?

I come from calmer seas.
Doldrums.
Drifting with float anchor,
trailing my hand in the warm wake,
the fish kissing my fingers
as we agree,

it is enough for us,
to share the sea.

I have no experience
in waters such as these.
I would not have even entered
them
except for the vision of you,
my siren, my fate,
I see you and become unmoored –
my memories of calmer seas
are suddenly revealed to be
a madness that has
masqueraded as safety.

The dangers I thought all around,
now seem small,
and the stories of warning
somehow,
meant for everyone
but me.

In my calm seas,
I took my madness
to be the sum of reality.

I have no experience
in waters such as these.

How am I to navigate
when the charts I own
are not drawn complete?

How am I do this?
Me?
Who for so long
thought the absence of wind
marked a passage chosen correctly.

And you,
my siren, my fate
I see you
and wonder -
will you lead me to
the open sea,
or dash my soul
on the rocks beneath?

It does not matter.
I don't care.

For once,
in this moment,
as the winds gather
and storms threaten,
I am not hunkered below
battened hatches
waiting for it all to pass,

I am fighting sail seas of canvas
to harness the growing wind.
I watch not the surface
for danger any longer,
but the horizon
of the wide, open sea.

How am I to navigate all this,
when I know not where I go,
and for once,
I care not
to guess?

Cassandra Tribe holds a BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design, did her studies for her M.Div at the American Christian College and Seminary, and studied sociology at the Stratford. In between, she has served in the 8th U.S. Army as Military Police and traveled extensively in her career as an ironworker.

You can find out more about her work on the website loveandwords.com

All of her recordings are available on iTunes and Indierhythm.com. Her daily blog may be located through the main website along with videos of her work.

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What's your Tribe? The one who speaks the words of longing you didn't even know existed inside you, or the one that scares the pants off you with the mirror that she holds up that reveals your dark potential. Just perfect...(James Duckworth)

Tribe's new collection of poetry explores the human condition, from the painful ebb and flow of love to the uncertainty of living in a world where "Our poets are silent/ Our singers drunk.

One stand-out poem by Tribe, the epic-length "Monster," urges readers to face the harsh reality that comes with being irresponsible in life—the false gods and monsters created by blind acceptance. (Vagner Revol, Poet Tree Magazine)

(Her) music and poetry are somber and deep, tearing at your heart and soul... (Volume 2, Issue 9 LooseyLucy.com)

(this) material is planets beyond original.
(Brian Douthit, Eyes of a Poet Radio)



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